

Jark Darrell's Bride.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

A dark heavy mass lay athwart the stream, reaching from the left bank to the right. Darrell at once perceived that it was the greater portion of the pier of the famous bridge that Anneris Darrell had refused to cross. Quick as lightning his practised eye measured the distance between the Mill and the mass of timber, and he calculated the chances of reaching it. At that moment something crashed below, and the old Mill shivered and shook.

"Hush," said Sir Philip rapidly, "there is one hope—it lies there. If we can reach that pier before it swings round—"

He said no more, but sprang to the sill, clasping the slight form firmly with his left arm.

"Cling to me, darling—so. Now Heaven be our help!"

He dropped into the tide which was only a few feet beneath the window. Not a cry broke from the brave girl; not for one second did she lose presence of mind as the cruel waters seized their prey; but she held her lover as he had held her, so that he floated almost free. The pier was not a hundred yards distant; if Darrell could keep afloat for one minute, he and his precious burden must be driven up against the pier, and he could climb to almost certain safety.

"Courage!" he whispered, though even in that wild moment he knew the exertion was needless; for the steadfast eyes were fearless.

A whirling mass of water, a deafening roar in their ears, something huge and black before their eyes, and Darrell's right hand was clutching with an iron grip a beam of the pier. His frail body was not so strong as feather-weight as he swung her upwards and she grasped the next beam. In another moment they were on the pier, and Philip Darrell had clasped the girl, trembling and breathless, to his breast.

Saved, saved—almost, but not quite! There was danger if the Mill should fall before the pier swung round, its fragments, dashing up against the pier, might turn it over, and death would then be certain and instantaneous. Meanwhile the position of the fugitives was secure; and even in their great peril both gazed in awe and admiration upon the magnificent spectacle before them.

The villagers on the bank had seen them; and a mighty shout went up, and hat and handkerchiefs were waved. The shout came to them faintly through the roar of the weir, and Darrell waved his hand; but he never moved his eyes from the Mill as once, when he looked down into the deathlike silence, he saw the face of the starlike eyes fixed, like his, on the white walls, and pressed one kiss on the half-parted lips.

Slowly the arc of refuge began to move. The current had caught one end, and the unwieldy mass swung round. Darrell watched the slow, majestic movement in deathlike silence. Clapped so closely to him, Hina could feel every heavy throb of his heart, and silently she offered up a prayer for both.

After three minutes of suspense, the pier swung clean round, and drifted off rapidly with the swift current. Then Hina, with a passionate sob, hid her face on her lover's breast. He could not speak—he could only press his trembling lips to her golden curls. They were saved! Straight down mid-stream sped the strange bark; and the crowd—running, leaping, shouting, waving hats and handkerchiefs—saw it as it sped down the river, and the fugitives—kept pace along the bank. In three minutes more the Mill was far distant.

"And the landscape sped away behind, like an ocean flying before the wind."

"Would to Heaven," said Darrell, looking back, "I could know if my brave Hina's life was saved!"

They had passed the last straggling house in Scarth Abbot, and now the stream flowed less rapidly, and the moving panorama glided by more gently.

"Bear up still, darling," whispered Darrell; "Heaven will not desert us at the last. The life has been given, the life saved. The prophecy is fulfilled indeed!"

"I know we shall be saved," Philip said, and she raised her face with a radiant smile. She looked back. "The Mill is still standing—see!"

Darrell looked back and saw the Mill standing, tall and white, in the moonlight, but as he gazed the walls tottered, and for the first time that awful night, Hina shrieked aloud as the mass of woodwork fell over into the river.

In awe Philip Darrell and his companion gazed still towards where the Mill had once stood. The thoughts of both turned to the guilty being swept away with the ruin to a terrible retribution; and even Darrell's steady nerves softened, for he held his darling to his breast—saying—while the dead man's mother would weep in vain for the son who should never greet her again.

A roar of many voices from the bank made Sir Philip and Hina turn quickly. Driven by a cross-current, the craft had altered her course, and was drifting rapidly inland. What a shout rang back from Darrell to the frantic crowd! It seemed as if all the villages within ten miles round had sent forth their population; for Scarth Abbot could not bring together such a throng. Darrell could now distinguish several of the Count's servants and others whom he knew; and some one shouted in stentorian tones that there was a carriage near; but for the most part the spectators could only shout heartily and weep and laugh together for joy.

Nearer yet! There were stalwart villagers and farmers up to their knees in water, and one old man was sobbing aloud and crying out brokenly—

"Yes, 'tis fulfilled! That was it—we've read it all wrong! He's saved the life, and the curse is turned to blessing!"

A loud shout was raised by the onlookers. The bridge pier was aground. They were saved, saved by the love that gave all for love's sake. The life was yielded, and both lives redeemed; and thus was Ingelhard's full doom blotted out and the curse turned back from Darrell's house.

How the people wept, and shouted for joy! How they called down blessings on Hina's golden head, and on her valiant lover who had braved the raging floods for her sake, and borne her in safety through all! Strong arms and gentle would have relieved him of his charge; but he would not loose his clasp. Bewildered now, dazed, like one brought suddenly from the Court to brilliant light, Hina clung convulsively to her preserver, and only whispered—

"Not to the Larches, Philip, not to the Larches!"

"No, my darling—home to the Grange!" Through all she was perfectly collected and strangely calm—there was need of calmness amid all this excitement. Once had he spoken hurriedly, and had almost broken down, when he turned to one of his own servants and asked—

"Tell me—in Heaven's name answer truly—have you any one seen Hina?"

"He got to shore!" a dozen voices cried aloud. He drifted down the current, and

got to shore and galloped away. It's true, Sir Philip!"

"Heaven be praised!"

"That was all he said, but it came in a deep sob from the depths of his soul. It would have been a bitter drop in his cup of happiness if the brave horse had perished that night."

It was the Grange carriage that stood in the road, and as Darrell carried Hina towards it, one of his servants told him that all was in readiness at that place. Miss Durnford had "borne up splendidly" when she heard that Miss Hina was imprisoned in the Mill and Sir Philip was gone to save her. The man had brought a change of raiment from the Court for his master, and even now a messenger had ridden forward to tell the joyful news.

"Drive for your life!" was Darrell's order to the coachman as he entered the carriage.

And away, followed by the shrieking, rejoicing crowd, sped the carriage to Scarth Abbot. Hina lay motionless on her back, her head resting on her hand; the noble, fearless spirit had borne up wide death and life hung in the balance; but now it was past—all the dread, the anguish, the awful suspense—and the over-wrought system gave way in the deep swoon of sheer exhaustion.

CHAPTER XIV. AND LAST.

The first thing Hina remembered was a vague sense of rest, then a gentle touch on her brow, and a voice saying very softly, "she is reviving!"—and she knew that voice before she heard the soft softer-spoken—"Hina, my darling!" She opened her eyes and saw up into Philip Darrell's dark face. She was in her own room, and he was kneeling by her, with his arm round her and head pillowed on his breast.

"Philip?" she whispered, looking at him intently. Then, as he bent lower yet, tenderly kissing her brow, memory rushed back to her, and with a muttered cry, she clung to him—"Is it all past? You are saved, Philip?" she said, gasping.

"There is no more danger!"

"No more, sweetheart," he answered. "This is your own room, and here is aunt Rachel!"

"Dear aunt Rachel!"

The girl turned suddenly, stretching out her hands and Darrell rose to make way for Miss Durnford, who now wept freely as she clasped Hina in her arms.

"Dear auntie," said the girl, after a long silence, "it has been like an awful dream! I cannot bear to think of it yet!"

"And I would rather you did not, my child. I am content to wait. Now take a little of this wine, and I will go and get you some tea; and Sir Philip will take care of you till I come back." And she went out, leaving them alone together.

Then Hina told her lover more of the details of all that had passed before he had reached the Mill, and how Roland had removed the ladder from the loft where she was imprisoned, so as to cut off her escape; but he had forgotten the shawl in which John Heston had wrapped her head, and by fastening this to a ring in the floor she was able to descend. And Roland? Had nothing been heard of him? Had not his sister made inquiry?

"Rose came about ten minutes ago, Hina," said Darrell, "to ask about us both, and if anything was known of Roland. Zeph Heston must have spread the news that he was in the Mill, for every one seemed to know it. Nothing had been heard of Roland by the river. I did not see Rose, of course; but I met my groom, who is here to make inquiries."

Hina hid her face, sobbing.

"Oh, Philip, aunt Sabine need never know the truth!"

"She must indeed, for your sake, my heart. I cannot leave it supposed that you met Roland Sabine in the Mill of your own accord. Another guilty soul beside his, Hina, has gone to its account for his night's work!"

"Job Heston?"

"Aye!" The first rush of the flood washed away the cottage where he and Zeph had taken refuge. Heston was swept across the weir and drowned before the eyes of hundreds."

Hina shuddered violently.

"And Zeph?" she said, after a long pause. "Was it Zeph who told you where I was?"

"Ye, dear one. I was riding towards Scarth Abbot—more in a vague fear for you than with any definite thought—when I met her. She seemed to have repeated her part almost immediately."

Some idea of Zeph's reason for hating her clearly flashed across Hina's mind, for her color rose; but she said nothing, only nestling to her lover's breast. Presently she said slowly—

"Philip, it seems so strange that the fulfillment of the prophecy has come about as I always tried to hope it would; and yet it is a little faith in only one possible meaning attaching to the words that the true meaning was made manifest."

In silence Darrell bowed his face on the golden head. Love, peace, happiness! All the dark clouds that had shrouded his life were swept away suddenly by the little hand that clung to his—his hand that should yet caress his children. Yesterday he had been a doomed man, and he had cursed the fatal love that had brought woe and death to the woman he loved; to-day, snatched by that love from death, saved by the life laid down to save hers, that woman rested on his breast; and before them lay the golden years of bright with dazzling light that now he could not meet. For the first time during that night of passion and anguish, of wild hope, of ineffable dread, of terrible and sustained effort, and blessed certainty of happiness, the strong spirit gave way, and Philip Darrell wept aloud.

Up the village street was born on a hastily-improvised stretcher a bruised, shattered form, still breathing. It was laid down in the common room of the Inn. Messengers had already run out to tell Roland's mother to reach a doctor, and the doctor was quickly on the spot. He looked down at the disfigured form in pity.

"I can do nothing," he said; "it is useless to disturb him. He has not five minutes to live."

The doctor bent down to the dying man. From a gash in his forehead blood was slowly trickling. Roland tried to speak—

"Hina—Dark Darrell—the curse."

"They are saved," said the doctor, his voice trembling with emotion. Sir Philip said he saw her. They are at the Grange."

A sharp scream contracted the dying man's livid features. He tried to speak again, and in the effort a rush of blood stopped speech and life at once. At the same moment Mrs. Sabine and her two daughters hastened breathlessly through the crowd.

"Kiss her back!" cried the doctor, hastily drawing a mantle over the crushed form. "This is no sign for his mother!"

A great fragment of the Mill had been washed ashore nearly a mile down the river, and a man was seen clinging to it. Sir Philip Darrell's groom and another had ridden into the water and rescued the hapless creature—Roland Sabine—and the

groom then rode on to the Grange to tell his master what had happened.

At one o'clock in the morning the village was still, and hardly a house was closed. Another servant from the Court rode into Scarth Abbot and up to the Grange with the joyful news that Heston had galloped into the courtyard half an hour before. The animal must have gone miles down the river before he could find a bridge, for that below the Mill had been washed away by the flood, and he had made his way unerringly to his home.

An hour later Sir Philip himself went out to see what damage had been done, and to ascertain if any lives besides those he already knew of had been lost, and especially to make inquiry about Zeph.

"She was one of them that stood by when we got the Spire ashore," said an old farmer. "I didn't see her after that, Sir Philip."

One or two others thought she had been outside the Inn when the unhappy man was laid on his bier within. All doubt, however, was set at rest three days later, when Zeph's body was cast ashore ten miles below Scarth Abbot. The poor girl had evidently flung herself into the river; and with her perished the last of the tenants of the Weir Mill.

The violets were blooming along the banks of the Colne when Hina Castello became Dark Darrell's bride; and now the vacant place beside the portrait of the last Darrell is filled by the picture of a lady with golden hair and soft dark eyes; and there are gay doings at the Court, and old Mars' schemes to make money scarce in order to make hard times to the end that the industrial forces may be compelled to pay exorbitant rates for the use of money. A party for the people cannot get control of the government too soon.

The Workman and Farmer: The professional politician is a queer animal, and at present he is in his most peculiar state. He hardly knows what to do or say at present—the present is a period of great uncertainty with this class. He is anxious to get on the biggest chunk and is engaged in feeling the public pulse and if he finds out what the people want he will come forward and say: "Them's my sentiments exactly." He never leads but always follows public opinion.

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The Milton Star: The idea of a partisan press withholding any favorable Alliance news from the masses, in the hope that it will insure to the injury of the organization, is just as mean as it will prove futile. The various state annual meetings as they are being held disclose the fact that the growth of the Alliance still continues phenomenal. Thousands of sub-Alliances and several states have been organized during the past year. The older organizations are increasing in numbers where the material has not all been exhausted. Better still, the membership is daily growing more determined to have at all hazards relief from moneyed oppression.

The Alliance Advocate: Time was when the people were sovereign in this country, but now let a man but express a difference of opinion from those who have set themselves up as dictators of our government, and the old party press unite in branding him as a traitor, a crank, or an anarchist. Time was when the advice of the farmer was sought in the council chambers of the nation, and peace and plenty prevailed in the land; but now the farmer is used merely as a tool to serve the interests of Wall street's hirelings, and his attempts to regain his rightful position are regarded as "dangerous" by the powers that be, and no expense, no intrigue will be spared to defeat the will of the people. Such a condition of things cannot last. It is impossible for a republican form of government to exist under rule of moneyed aristocracy. It is but a single step removed from a monarchy, and that step is being shortened with each and every succeeding administration.

The Caucusman: We have a peculiar kind of statesmanship these days—it is negative statesmanship. Such men as Carlisle, Oates & Co., in their ponderous articles against the sub-treasury admit that the financial system of this country is very unjust and should be changed; that the farmer is greatly discriminated against and should have relief, yet they offer no plan for a just financial system, but content themselves with ridiculing the plan which the farmer suggests. This is what we call not only negative statesmanship, but inconsistent statesmanship. If they ridicule the farmer's plan and offer none of their own, then, to be consistent, they should take the position that the farmer needed no relief, and should make no complaint. But to admit the condition of the farmer and then simply ridicule his plan, without offering anything better, should destroy the claim to statesmanship, as they have already certainly forfeited the confidence of the people.

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THE ALLIANCE.

The Clarksburgh Crescent: The best evidence in the world that the sub-treasury plan would give relief to the farmer is that the national bankers all oppose the plan. It is safe for the farmer to watch that class of men and act just the reverse of their action in voting. He never votes for the farmer's interest if he can vote against it.

The Alliance Monitor: Organizations can be for good, and they can be for wrong purposes, and the only way in which we can restrain the strong is to meet the bad organizations with good organizations. Hence the Alliance unites the farmers of our country not to oppose the railroads, or corporations, or capital, when used for general good, but to resist the abuse of power just as we have organized police or armies, or even our government itself, to protect our people from those who would injure or destroy.

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Figures Tell the Story.

In England and Wales one hundred persons own 4,000,000 acres. In England in 1887, one-thirtieth of the people owned two thirds of the national wealth.

Seventy persons own one-half of Scotland; 1,700 own nine-tenths; twelve per cent own 4,016,000 acres.

In Ireland less than eight hundred persons own one-half the land; 492 members of the house of lords own 14,250,012 acres, which rents for \$57,864,630. The total number of tenant farmers in England, Scotland and Wales is 1,050,639, and of these Ireland furnishes 574,222 and England 576,417.

England's war debt is \$3,600,000,000 and the eastern bond holders fatten on an interest of \$18,000, 360 annually drawn from the industrial population of that country.</